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HAZEL GREEN. - KENTUCKY.

THE HEART OF MAN.

A marvelous loom is the human heart
As it weaves and weaves through sunny days;
It takes the flower by the mountain stream,
The tint of dawn and the globe of dew,
The forest-leaf and the moonlight gleam,
And it weaves a web of rosy hue;
And man looks down at the fabric's sheen
And says: O the world is fair, I ween—
To live is joy for me.

A marvelous loom is the human heart
As it weaves and weaves through dreary days;
It takes the branch of a withered tree
And the pallid gray of the shimmering
rain,
The thunder-pall and the frozen ice,
And weaves a web with many a stain;
And man looks down with a cry of despair
And says: O the world is a round of care—
To live is a sorrow for me.

A marvelous loom is the human heart
As it weaves and weaves, though under the
mold;
For out of the moisture, and out of the
earth,
And out of the seed germs nestling near,
It weaves, in spite of its own life-dearth,
A web of meaning above its bier;
And the light-winged soul to a far dawn flies
While the heart speaks on to unseeing eyes—
To die is yet to live.

A marvelous loom is the human heart,
For it weaves and weaves through the world of
thought;
In joy and sorrow, in life, in death,
An intricate cipher for man to know;
From his early smile to his latest breath
He holds the key for his use below,
But rarely wise is the one who learns;
What the heart has taken, the heart returns,
Till the cycle of God is done.
—Kate E. Clark.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt
and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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PART II.—CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Perfectly unsuspecting as I was, and with the highest confidence in his integrity, I handed the whole sum over to him, not even taking his receipt for it. On my return from my next voyage, I found he had fled the country, taking many people's money with him—mine among others.

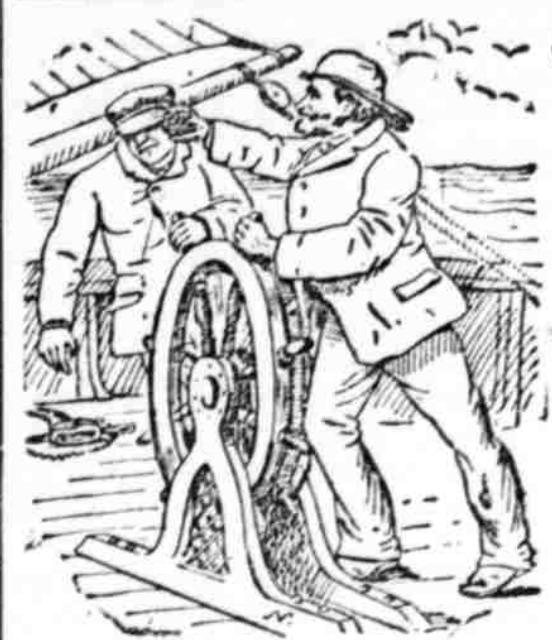
This was my first rude discipline from the world; and I suppose I did not bear it as well as those misfortunes that followed later.

Six years passed, and my earnings, savings and tradings on my own account in the countries to which I sailed had quite replaced all I had lost. Absurd as it may seem, I used to carry it about with me, and got well laughed at for it. My captain joked me unmercifully on the subject, and one day he persuaded me to deposit it in the bank where he kept his account. It was the old story in a different shape; the bank burst in three months, and I lost every cent.

I was now thirty years old, and was beginning the world over again. A year later I was master of a ship, and was laying up money fast. I was so bound up in my duties and loved the sea so well that the idea of falling in love with a woman never occurred to me—till it happened. In fact, at thirty-five I knew nothing of women; so you see I was just the man to fall an easy prey to one of the worst of the sex. She was a dashing, black-eyed beauty of twenty-five, and had three husbands already in different parts of the country. This, of course, I did not learn till it was too late, and I believed her story, that she was the widow of a bankrupt Boston merchant. I first met her when she came on board my ship with a party of visitors, to look at it; I showed them all about, explained every thing to them, and entertained them in the cabin. She put forth all her powers to fascinate me, and she did it. Some of my friends warned me, but it was no use; my head was completely turned. We were married in two weeks from the day of our first meeting. Before that, the woman got me completely into her clutches; I was merely the puppet that she made dance. I bought a house for her in her own name. I handed over all my money to her. In ten days after our marriage my ship sailed for Bombay. I ought to have become suspicious at her refusal to go with me; but where is the man deep in love who is not blind as a bat? It has always been so since the days of Adam. The next week after my departure she sold the house, drew the money from the bank, and ran away with another man. I heard of her death some years later.

This blow wounded me most cruelly, for I was really attached to the worthless woman. I became a kind of misanthrope, but never lost my enthusiasm for my ship and the sea. Long before I owned and sailed my own vessel, I used to have an interest in the cargo, and was always buying unusual freights abroad, and selling them at home for a large profit. So it happened that in my

thirtieth year I was well to do again; in fact, was far along toward making of another small fortune. If any man had told me six months before it happened that I should ever marry another woman, I should either have called him a liar, or knocked him down—perhaps both. It all happened in the most natural way in the world. I had a first mate, an elderly man and an excellent seaman, to whom I was greatly attached. He had sailed with me several years, and was always faithful and true. I knew nothing about his family, except that he had a wife and daughter in Provincetown. One day at Rangoon he was trying to keep the peace between two drunken seamen, when he



A POWERFUL BLOW.

was severely stabbed by one of them. He lingered a week in the hospital; I would not sail without knowing his fate, and I was with him when he died.

"God bless you, Captain Willis," he said, with his last breath. "You've been a good friend to me; I couldn't have had a better."

I was melted to tears at sight of the good old sailor dying there in a strange land.

"My dear old shipmate," I said, "I owe you more for your fidelity than I have ever paid you. What do you wish me to do?"

"Be good to those I leave behind me, sir."

I promised him that I would befriend his family, and he died contented.

Back at Provincetown, I looked them up. The place where they lived has something to do with my story, and I will say a few words about it.

If you go up from the harbor there, well out of the town, back to a slightly place that overlooks the whole bay, and gives you glimpses of sails ten miles out at sea, you will find a large, rambling old frame house, two stories high, standing broadside to the harbor. You could not well miss it; there is no other like it in the town, and every body knows it. In the old colonial days, more than a hundred years ago, a retired sea-captain built it and lived in it for twenty years; since which time it has seen all kinds of vicissitudes, and been inhabited by dozens of families. It was stoutly framed and well built, after the fashion of our fathers, or it could not have endured the uses that it has been put to, and had two timbers of it left. As it was when I first visited it to console with the mate's widow and child, and nearly as it is now, two-thirds of it is badly dismantled and out of repair, leaving four rooms in one end above and below that are habitable. In these rooms Mrs. Wayland and her daughter lived. Inquiring my way to the place, I learned from several months that the unoccupied part of the house was certainly haunted. I was told of cries and shrieks that had proceeded from the upper stories on windy nights; of the rattling of chains, and noise of pistol-shots and clashing cutlasses that had been heard from there by belated and terrified passers. It was generally thought (among the people who believed these things at all) that the sea-captain who built the house was a buccaneer, and that the spirit of himself and his crew had occasional possession of the place.

I found the little family of the deceased mate poor and in distress. The earnings of poor Wayland had for years gone to satisfy the creditors of other days; they were in arrears for rent, and were threatened with expulsion from the old house. In a fit of anger at the landlord I purchased the place outright, giving for it twice as much as it was worth. As delicately as I could I relieved the widow and child. They were grateful, of course; the widow, consumptive for years, was sinking under the blow of her husband's death. The daughter was just half my age. I became interested in her, and before long persuaded myself that I wanted to marry her. A week before her mother died we were made man and wife. I repaired the old house, and it has been our home since, though there are still many rooms in it unfit to be occupied. When I talked with my wife about the place she told me that neither she nor her mother believed in ghosts, but that they had heard some very strange noises at night in the other part of the house,

and that her mother had more than once gone into hysterics over them.

This, with what I had heard from others, gave me my clue to my future course.

In my brief stays in Provincetown between voyages I have skillfully given out hints that I believed that the spirit of the old pirate, Lobdell, roamed through the house on stormy nights. I have really enjoyed seeing the shudders and pale faces that my stories on this subject have caused. When I have been asked how I could live in such a place, I have replied that I had it on my hands and nobody would buy it. This has satisfied people.

In such a community, made up largely of sailors and their families, there is of course much superstition. These tales about the Lobdell place were generally believed because people were ready to believe them.

But why did I wish to give my own property so bad a reputation?

Simply because I had made a treasure-house of the cellar under the unused part, and nothing was so well calculated to protect it as these reports. The place is shunned. There is not the least danger from robbers.

Down in the old damp cellar, where I suppose no foot but mine has passed for fifty years, I found excavated a great hole, and in it a chest. Over the opening is a stone slab, so heavy that it has tried my strength severely of late years to raise and lower it. Over the slab is piled a lot of mildewed canvas, rotting planks, and worthless cordage, stored here by Captain Lobdell himself. The great deep chest is full of stout bags of gold, with a few of silver. Year by year I have added to the store, for twenty years—till it now holds full fifty thousand dollars.

It is rather strange, but perfectly true, that I found this place of concealment there, chest, slab, and all, just as I have used it. I suppose the old buccaneer made much use of it in his lifetime.

My visits to the old cellar have always been made in the dead of night, or at times when my wife and daughter were away. There is not anything certain in this world; but among the few things that are certain, I believe you may put down the fact that the hiding-place of my treasure is not suspected.

I return to my wife and daughter. Nellie is my only child. I have told you that I have them both. She is all that a fond father could wish; and her mother—God bless her!—she has shown me how noble and good a woman can be. It's little time I have spent with them ashore for the last twenty years; but I think both would say that I have been a kind husband and father; that I have looked well after their comfort, and always provided them with money.

Sometimes Helen has visited her mother's relatives in Boston, where, as I understand you, you met her.

I'm talking to you, Mr. Crawford as though I should be in another world twenty-four hours hence. You'll marry Nellie. I want you to trust her, as I have never trusted her and her mother.

There have been times when my dear wife has sat upon my knee, and rather timidly said: "Tell me something of your affairs, Aaron. You give us money enough; but if you should be drowned at sea, pray what should we know about your property?" And I have always put her off with some joke about my not being drowned on this voyage, or her ability to get another husband. I have said things that pained her; but I have never hinted at the truth.

Why? She has ever been worthy of all confidence; Nellie has been worthy of it.

I can only say that my heart was soured by my losses, and by the cruel treachery I had met with. When the stunning blow of my first wife's betrayal of me fell upon me, I swore a great oath that neither man nor woman should ever again have a chance to dupe or swindle me. With the woman that I afterward took to my bosom, this was a pledge far better broken than kept. But I had made it to myself; my experience justified it, if any thing could, and I perversely clung to it.

This, Mr. Crawford, is my story. I make no apologies for my conduct; in the light that is now given me, I should have acted differently. I see now that the question as to whether Nellie and her mother shall have what will rightfully belong to them when I am gone should not depend upon whether you will escape from the dangers of our present situation. But you will escape—I know you will. I don't often pray—not as often as I should—but I did pray an hour ago that you might be spared, for the sake of Helen and her mother—and for your own sake.

Now you know all. If you survive me, you will know what to do. If you go to the old house at Provincetown without me, tell them—tell them I loved them dearly. I think they know it now. Be good to them. That's all.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.
THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

The day went on till the middle of the afternoon. As landmen keep time, it was near four o'clock. In the great events impending over this vessel and all who lived and moved upon her, we do not propose to give the minute details of the happenings of the day. Shortly after meridian the practiced eye of the Captain detected signs of shoal water, and soundings were at once taken. From ten fathoms the line soon shortened to six—then to four. The bottom soon became visible, appearing to be a white clay. Far in the distance the Captain with his glass sighted the shores of Elephanta. Small islands were passed; The water shoaled more rapidly. Three fathoms were reported—then two and a half. Sail was laboriously shortened, the mate literally driving the crew to the yards. The Captain went below to consult his charts.

The bark now crept along slowly and doubtfully, with frequent changes of course. The Captain stood near the wheel, giving continual directions. At one time the water shoaled to less than two fathoms.

"The island of New Providence is just ahead, Mr. Hardy," said the Captain. "I was in hopes to work round to Nassau to-night; but I dare not try it. I know enough of the Bahamas to be cautious of trying to keep a course at night in shoal water. I think we'll tie up to the shore yonder, if we can find a good anchorage, and wait till morning."

It was now near sunset. Dick Purvis came to relieve the mate at the wheel. Mr. Hardy walked forward. He stumbled and fell over something near the fore-ladder.

He rose to his feet. What mystery was this? Dick Purvis had just relieved him at the wheel—here lay the body of the man himself, hatless, coatless, his skull crushed by a savage blow from the capstan-bar that lay beside him smeared with blood.

A horrid suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. With a warning shout he rushed back to the wheel.

The Captain had just observed a deviation in the course, and angrily corrected it.

"Due north!" he shouted. "Purvis, what's the matter with you?"

The man at the wheel is an automaton; he obeys the orders given him, and in obeying them, he always repeats the order.

On this occasion the Captain's direction was not repeated. He gave it again.

There was no answer. The man's cap was pulled over his eyes; he bent low, as both hands grasped the wheel, so that his face was concealed.

"North—due north, I say!" yelled the excited Captain. "You fool, she's fallen off three points already."

And still no answer. The wheel flew round swiftly in the helmsman's hands, and the vessel's bow, obeying the direction, lay straight toward the shore of the island.

With a furious yell the Captain seized the wheel.

The man resisted. A powerful blow from the Captain's fist caused him to quit his hold and stagger back. His



"ANSWER HIM, CRAWFORD."

cap fell off; the man was revealed. The coat of poor murdered Dick Purvis, but the face and form of Louis Hunter.

He waited not comment or attack. Without a word he darted forward, and was lost to sight.

Promptly as the Captain seized the wheel and set the course due north, the vessel was too far off to answer the helm in time. There was a trembling through every timber—a shudder—a shock—another, and she ceased to move.

The Nellie Willis was hard and fast aground on the shore of New Providence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Sam, you had better take something for your cold. You have a very ugly, hacking cough." "Er—which, massa?" "A very annoying, hacking cough." "You am mistaken, sah. Dis am a ommbus cough. I nebain drove a traack in my life, sah."—Merchant Traveler.

—In London side-whiskers are called "side-wings."

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Rev. Royal G. Wilder, for thirty years missionary to India, died in New York city the other day, aged seventy-two years.

The first game of base ball between the Detroit and St. Louis Browns, resulted in an easy victory for the latter by a score of six to one.

The elections for the new Bulgarian Government resulted in returning 250 government candidates and only forty opposition denaties.

The Pope the other day formally received the Bishop of Manchester and the curate of Nashua, England, both of whom presented jubilee gifts.

Peter Lutz shot and killed W. W. Lynch, his wife's paramour, at Omaha, a few days ago. Mrs. Lutz ran away from home in Monona County, Iowa, abandoning her husband and children. She went to Omaha and started a boarding house. Lynch lived with her. Lutz went there to try and induce his wife to return, and if she would not, then to sign a deed to her husband's farm so that he could convey it to his son. She refused to do either. Lutz met Lynch at her house and had a terrific fight. Lynch had a chisel and Lutz had a revolver. Lutz got possession of the chisel and stabbed Lynch several times and shot him three times, the last shot proving fatal. Lutz was arrested.

The Farmers' bank at New Castle, Del., was entered by burglars early on the morning of the 3rd ult. Their movements awoke the cashier, who seized his pistol and fired, wounding one of the intruders. His companions picked up the fallen man and quickly carried him out the front door, making their escape.

Charles DeGroat was convicted of perjury at Pontiac, Mich., the other day and was remanded to jail. Rather than endure the disgrace of being sent to a penal institution, he took a dose of opium and died from the effects of poison.

The Austrian Crown Princess Stephanie, it is reported, has obtained a permanent separation from Prince Rudolph and has gone to stay with her royal parents in Belgium. Emperor Francis Joseph approves of her separation from Prince Rudolph because of the latter's infidelity and ill treatment of Princess Stephanie.

The triple alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy has been renewed for five years. Italy reserving the right to observe absolute neutrality in event of war between Germany and France.

The General Term has refused to grant a peremptory mandamus compelling the New York city police commissioners to appoint the fifth election inspector for the United Labor party, and says that a trial must be had to determine which party is entitled to the inspector.

The first-class stud, comprising thirty hunting horses, the property of Captain Holloway, at Clonsella, near Dublin, Ireland, has been poisoned. Ten of the horses have died, and others are almost certain to be prematurely disabled, if they do not also die. The poisoning is supposed to have been the work of malicious persons.

The banking house of Morton E. Post & Co., Denver, Col., have suspended, owing to inability to realize on loans. They say they expect to pay dollar for dollar when the loans are settled up. They claim \$68,570 assets, against \$494,300 liabilities. The failure was expected and causes little excitement, but a great many poor people who were depositors will suffer. The figures given by the bank are thought to be too favorable. A branch bank at West Cliff, Col., is also closed.

Mr. Helene Schaeffer, aged eighty, of Breslau, L. I., was murdered the other evening by George Geablin, a neighbor. The families had quarreled about the boundary of their land. Geablin lay in wait and when the old woman was crossing his field he shot her and then ran a sabre through her body. He then buried her near where she was killed and covered the body over lightly with earth.

A very successful descent from a height of one thousand feet was made at Gatesburg, Ill., the other day by Ned Hathaway, an aeronaut, in thirty seconds. The ascent was made by means of a hot air balloon. The parachute is of a new pattern, and twenty-eight feet in diameter. It is taken up in an expanded condition and the rope by which it is fastened is loosened by a simple pull on another rope attached to the end of a lever. The descent was a magnificent sight, the parachute looking like a huge inverted rose.

The German press are employing their columns as vehicles of the most extravagant ridicule and Teutonic wit at the misfortunes of the French War Office. The episode of General Caffaral is seized upon by the lampooners as a new object for their merciless assault of wicked humor. When the negotiation plans were obtained from one of the employees of the War Office, some slighting reference was made to the looseness of discipline in army departments which could allow its plans to get abroad before they were put into execution. This latter betrayal of trust by an advanced officer, an old General of the army, through whose baseness the decorations of the Legion of Honor grace the breasts of men who have no claim to them, has given the Germans an opportunity, than which, if they had had the choice, that could have been no better for them.

A delegation of the Oneida Indian tribe of Wisconsin, had an interview with Secretary Lamar the other day, in regard to taking their lands in severalty. They also presented certain matter affecting the interests of their tribe, among which was a request for an appropriation of \$300,000 to set them up in farming, etc. This claim is based upon the fact that the tribe which originally numbered 600 now number 80, the Wisconsin Oneidas allowing 300 New York Oneidas to make their home on the Oneida reservation in Wisconsin, for which they have never been reimbursed. The secretary promised to give the matter careful attention.

Insurance Commissioner Merrill has refused the application for a certificate authorizing the "Prudential Association" to do an insurance business in Massachusetts on the ground that R. J. Murray and J. B. Gitchell, officers of the association, had been officers of the People's Benefit Association, which failed some years ago with heavy liabilities, and that upon an investigation of fifteen signatures in the application he finds that not one of the persons had joined the association or paid an assessment. Elaborate offices had been fitted up by the officers of the association, who had evidently prepared for a thriving business.

The report has been confirmed in Teheran that Ayoub Khan has died from wounds received in the desert.